



This proposition was agreed to, and then Mr. Calhoun sent for a lantern, and conducted Bell and myself to the smoke house and told us to go in and keep quiet, an order which we obeyed without a word. After a few minutes Holland and our host appeared again, and a black man who accompanied them threw down on the smoke house floor a bundle of fodder, which we were told was our bed.

"You'll be locked in," said Holland, "and the first of you that shows a sign of getting out will find a bullet in his head."

The door was locked with a padlock, and then the men went off, leaving no guard that we could hear outside. It was so dark as it well could be, and the heat was intensified by the odor of rancid bacon and creosote. It did not take us long to decide that it would be imprudent for us to attempt to get out of the smoke house that night.

"But," said Bell, "if you could play down right side-to-morrow they might let us up on us so as to give us a chance." My appearance was in my favor, and I determined to try it, and we went to sleep; but it was only to wake up again and again in the course of the long, black night with a feeling of awful depression and the consciousness that we were being slowly suffocated to death.

The sun had been shining through the smoke house cracks for an hour or more, when the door was opened by one of Holland's men and a fresh stream of air blew in. A black man brought us some breakfast, which we were permitted to eat sitting in the doorway. We were about to be locked up again when I begged the man to have us taken to some place where there was fresh air, and saying that I was sick, as in truth I was. He said he would see about it, then locked us in and went away.

He came back soon, saying he had permission to take us to the stable. Here we were sent up to a loft, and I asked the man on guard below if he could not send for a doctor, but he said: "It wouldn't be no use, for that was only one doctah this side of Abbeville, and he was dead down on horse thieves."

We were kept in the loft all day, a man with his long hunting rifle between his knees sitting on a box at the foot of the ladder. After we had had our supper and just before dusk the guard was relieved by an elderly man, who came provided, in addition to his rifle, with a book and a lantern. During the day we got a good idea of our bearings, and when we saw our guard and realized the fact that we were at least 300 feet from the house, our spirits rose.

We tried to talk to the old gentleman, but he was very strict and finally told us, with anger in his voice, that we must not bother him. He rested his rifle against the ladder, hung the lantern just above the box, then adjusted his spectacles and began to read. About 10 o'clock Mr. Calhoun came out with a decanter and a glass, and I asked the man on guard below if he could not send for a doctor, but he said: "It wouldn't be no use, for that was only one doctah this side of Abbeville, and he was dead down on horse thieves."

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happy home and find their resting place in a woman's heart?"

"I do not pretend to give the exact language, but there was a pathos and an eloquence in Mrs. Tyson's words that brought tears to our eyes. Her own eyes were wet, and her hands trembled above the sewing needle and the wheel. We were under false colors, and as we dared not tell the truth she thought we were lying."

"Mrs. Tyson said what he thought about the result of the war."

"I think," he said, "we are licked. The Yankees have got the man and the money. It's all over. The war is over. It don't matter the right or the wrong of the thing. We are under too big a contract and are, as the saying is, 'bitten by the dog.' We are more licked, and a lot more men killed and property destroyed, but the dogged pride that keeps the south at bay."

We almost forgot our hunger, but while listening with great interest to Mrs. Tyson, we expected to have the food served to us on a platter. But we did not feel that we were clean enough to enter a decent house, but to our surprise, the mistress of the mansion invited us into a very charming dining room and never preceded us and sat at the foot of the table. To our discomfort, for we were ravenously hungry, and so I took a drink of water. I have before remarked that my mountain friend, Bell, was one of the most profane men I ever met, yet his nature was intensely religious. He prayed whenever he felt grateful and swore when angry. Before he sat down to that splendid feast he raised his head, closed his eyes and asked a long blessing on the food and on the noble women who had supplied it, and he ended with an invocation for peace that was really earnest and sincere.

Seeing that their presence restrained us, the ladies left the dining room and told the big-eyed and astonished black girl to remain within. There was a snowy and cloth on the table and there were daintily folded napkins beside our plates. The dishes were china, cut glass and silver, and the food was abundant, varied and well cooked. The whole thing seemed to me at first like a dream, from which I must awaken to find myself near the long-nosed black pigs in the stables.

I recalled that while devouring the food I found myself ignoring the silver fork; and as for using the spoons, they were so pure and white that to touch them seemed like sacrilege. It is surprising how soon even the daintiest nurtured can sink to the level of the swine.

When we returned to the piazza, after the most satisfactory meal I had ever eaten, we found the sky overcast and heavy black clouds sweeping in from the west. But in our present state the storm had no terrors for us. Bell produced his wad of filthy Confederate currency and offered to pay Mrs. Duffy, but with a glow of something like indignation in her beautiful, pale face, she refused the money, and said that if we chose to remain for the night she would give us a bed. I thanked her, and I know there were tears in my heart, if not in my eyes, as I pointed out the filthy state of our clothing, and said that being no cleaner than the beasts of the field and used to their life that it might be better for us to keep on.

"My son," said the old lady, "I have a boy, a soldier on the other side, and it may be that he needs to-night a mother's care and a sister's love. Stay here, wash, and we will give you a change while trying to make your poor race respectable. You will look less like savages and feel more like men after this."

When we entered the piazza, the ladies would not look at them. Then we pointed out that search parties were picking up strangers and sending them back to the army, and that we were caught in the house this might be our fate despite the fact that we were furnished men. But this objection had no weight with these noble women, and they said that as we were as safe there as in our own home, there was nothing left us but to consent.

Tubs of water, towels and soap were placed in the laundry, and before a black man conducted us to Mrs. Tyson, who had covered her dress with a big apron, made us sit on the back porch, and, with an immense pile of sheets, she cut our hair. It hung in matted masses down to our shoulders, and when she had finished she said:

"There. It will be easier to comb, and you won't look so much like frights." That night we went to sleep in a well-furnished bedroom. The room was clean, and the sheets on the bed, and after looking at them for some time Bell scratched his head and said:

"Wa-a, this is scintillating! We ain't used to it. It's too d-d bad to spile them things, so I propose we use sleep on the floor. It's a heap s'orter better 'n anything we've had since before the war."

As we had had a good bath and night-shirts were laid on the pillows, I pointed out that it would be a violation of the laws of hospitality not to use them, and believe that I knew more about etiquette than he did, Bell gave way.

A rap at the door the next morning and a black man came in with our clothes cleaned and patched. Our worn boots looking like new, and two pairs of stockings and two straw hats, which Mrs. Duffy sent with her compliments, were just what we wanted. Bell declared that I "looked as dapper as a peacock" and a "knewed me," and the change in our appearance was a remarkable handsome, very well built fellow.

That morning we had the rare honor of breakfasting with the young son and daughter of the house, a lovely child of five years, who wanted to know if we had met her father in the war. Mrs. Tyson asked Bell to say grace, and he roared and exclaimed himself, though he quite forgot to mention the food while calling heaven's attention to the laundry. The old gentleman, who, like angels of march, had been so kind to pore critics like we was."

When we parted with those kind women that morning it was with the feeling that to have met them was in itself a full compensation for all our suffering. To this very day the sight of a locust tree recalls to me the day when we were taken to the house. The sight of them was strikingly consistent, and one gentleman of whom we asked the distance to "the falls," requested us to remain in the house, and to stand our ground. The sight of them was strikingly consistent, and one gentleman of whom we asked the distance to "the falls," requested us to remain in the house, and to stand our ground.

Coming up the winding road we saw two wagons evidently going in our direction. Cleanliness and hunger played havoc with our nerves, and we were anxious to stand our ground. The sight of them was strikingly consistent, and one gentleman of whom we asked the distance to "the falls," requested us to remain in the house, and to stand our ground.

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had a chance to whisper to each other, "The same story all the time and no trimmings!" then he got up beside one driver and I beside the other, and our hosts were ready under circumstances that were the same of comfort compared with the sufferings and sufferings during the preceding month.

The man to whose wagon we were assigned was named Sim Sleigh. He was from Habersham county, which he assured me "was the garden spot of all God Almighty's creation." I was born up there in the North-Ohio valley. Ever hear of it? No! Well, you don't know nothing of this year's world. That's done and of the fight's the end of eggs. That ain't no place like it for water and trees, for corn and wheat and fruit, and as for the men and women, my friend, they can't be beat for strength and beauty."

I stopped the eloquent mountaineer to assure him that if the men were like him he must be right. He shook hands with me, and continued:

"You and me's sojers, and d--d fools. Your from Kentucky, and she showed a h--ll of a lot of sense in fightin' without secedin'. Why in blazes didn't they leave Habersham county alone! Why, we was met up at Clarksville court house and passed resolutions declarin' that if Georgia had a right to secede from the Union, then, by God, we'd secede from the Confederacy. I was sworn in. The folks down south of us that's got lots of niggers was h--ll bent on war, but they ain't done and of the fight's the end of eggs. That ain't no place like it for water and trees, for corn and wheat and fruit, and as for the men and women, my friend, they can't be beat for strength and beauty."

I asked Mr. Sleigh why it was that he was carrying provisions in the direction of the mountains when Johnson's army, a few days' march to the southwest, needed supplies.

"If you can tell me why anything's done in this d--d war, I can explain. But the talk is that Mr. Wharton, he's a comin' up here and a goin' to make up a raid into Tennessee and into Yankee land, and he's got to have feed a goin' over the ridge. But, between we uns, it's all a d--d lie. It's the quartermasters! Why, they sell the tax in kind, and they're unkind money hand over fist. The quartermasters and commissaries and receivers has a soft thing of it, d--d em."

This and a glow of something like indignation in her beautiful, pale face, she refused the money, and said that if we chose to remain for the night she would give us a bed. I thanked her, and I know there were tears in my heart, if not in my eyes, as I pointed out the filthy state of our clothing, and said that being no cleaner than the beasts of the field and used to their life that it might be better for us to keep on.

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The Mother-in-Law of the Divorced Young Pair.
The lady wearing a bonnet is the wife of the secretary of the state, Mrs. James G. Blaine; the one without a bonnet is Mrs. Nevins, mother of Mrs. Mary Nevins-Blaine, who has succeeded in procuring a divorce from her husband, James G. Blaine, Jr. A family difficulty, public interest in which was on the decline, has become a subject of national interest and gossip now that no less a man than Secretary Blaine undertakes to show that his youngest son was the unsuspecting victim of woman's wiles when, at an early age, he undertook the responsibilities of a husband. Mr. Mrs. Tyson and I never forgot his name, and it is presumed that his wife has unlimited confidence in his powers to convince. The other mother-in-law is an earnest and stout champion of her daughter's case. She was the daughter of Governor Medary, of Ohio, and when about sixteen was riding with an admirer. While crossing a deep stream her horse lay down, and she would have been drowned but for the efforts of her companion. He was Colonel Nevins, who afterward became her husband.

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